

# In Recital

**Sonya T Eagles, soprano**

assisted by

**Janna Olson, piano**

**Sunday, November 17, 2002 at 2:00 pm**



Convocation  
Hall

**Arts Building  
University of Alberta**



**University of Alberta**  
Department of Music

## Program

From *Alexander Balus*

Here Amid the Shady Woods

From *Samson*

Let the Bright Seraphim

George Frederick Handel  
(1685-1759)

From *Gloria*, RV 589

Laudamus te

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

From *The Tales of Hoffmann*

Barcarolle

Jacques Offenbach  
(1819-1880)

From *Lakmé*

Dome épais

Léo Delibes  
(1836-1891)

With guest

**Megan Hall, soprano**

Aus den hebräischen Gesängen, Op. 25, No. 15

Stille Tränen, Op. 35, No. 10

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

## Intermission

Solveigs sang, Op. 23

Varen, Op. 33, No. 2

Fra Monte Pincio Op. 39, No. 1

Edvard Grieg  
(1843-1907)

Cabaret Songs

1. Oh tell me the truth about love

3. Johnny

4. Calypso

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

Take This Waltz

Leonard Cohen

Ms Eagles is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate)

A short reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

## Translation

### Laudamus te

We praise thee  
We bless thee  
We worship thee  
We glorify thee

### Barcarolle

Beautiful night, oh night of love,  
Your mystic shadows bless us!  
Starry heavens high above,  
Oh beautiful night of love.

Times is fleet and bears away  
The passions that possess us,  
Far from this enchanted shore,  
Returning nevermore.

Zephyr embraces with caressing,  
and speeds the moment away.

### Dôme épais le jasmine

Under the dome of white jasmine,  
Entwined with the rose together,  
On the bank covered with flowers  
Laughing through the morning,  
Let us descend together.  
Gently floating  
on its charming swells  
On the river's current:  
On the shining waves  
One hand reaches out to,  
Reaching for the bank,  
Where spring sleeps  
And the birds, the birds sing.

But, I do not know subtle fear,  
Enfolds me,  
When my father goes alone  
to that cursed town;  
I tremble, I tremble in fear!

For the god Ganessa protects him,  
Let us venture to the joyous pool  
The swans with wings of white are happy,  
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

Yes, near the swans,  
with wings of white  
Let us go there and gather the blue lotus.

## Aus den hebräischen Gesängen/From the Hebrew Songs

My heart is sad! Arise! Take from the wall the lute,  
No other sounds I want to hear,  
Draw from it with a skillful hand  
The melodies that bewitch my heart!  
If still my heart can harbour hope,  
These sounds shall charm it forth again  
And if my dry eyes bide their tears,  
They shall then flow, the burning stilled.  
But deep and wild must sounds flow,  
And joy renouncing evermore!  
Yes, minstrel, only make me weep,  
Else my sad heart will be consumed.  
For you must see, by sorrow it was nursed,  
If suffered long, sleepless and mute,  
And now, and now, destined to know the worst,  
Let it be broken or be healed in song.

### Stille Tränen/Silent Tears

You have arisen from sleep  
And wander over the fields,  
There spreads above all the lands  
The heaven wonderously blue.  
The while you free from care  
Were slumbering without pain,  
The heaven until morning  
Rained many tears from above.  
In silent nights so many  
Weeping, will soothe their pain,  
And then you think in the morning,  
Every joyful are their hearts.

### Solveigs sang/Solveig's Song

The winter and spring both may come, and pass by,  
and summer days may fade and the year may die;  
but surely you will come back one day to me,  
and I shall be waiting, as once I vowed to be.

God guard you, where'er you may stray by sea or land,  
God comfort you, if now at his footstool you may stand;  
here, until you come, I shall be waiting alone,  
and if you wait on high, I shall meet you there, my own.

### **Varen/Spring**

Once again I got to see winter fleeing  
from the advancing spring;  
once again I saw wild cherry trees in bloom.  
Once again I saw the ice  
floating away from the land,  
snow melting and waterfalls  
and rivers becoming wild and frothing.  
Once again I saw the green grass  
decked with flowers.  
Once again I heard birds of spring  
heralding sun and summer.

One day I too will be part of the spirit of spring  
that fills my sight,  
one day I will find me a home there  
and swim and cleanse myself in it.  
All that spring has given me,  
and the flowers that I picked,  
I imagined to be the spirits of my forefathers  
sighing and dancing.  
And so I found amongst birches and pines  
the mystery of spring;  
and that is why the sound of the flute that I carved  
seems to be crying.

### **Fra Monte Pincio/From Monte Pincio**

Evening approaches, the sun grows red,  
filling the sky with brilliant color  
like our yearning for endless light,  
the mountain transfigured like a face in death.

The domes are glowing, but more distant  
the mist covers the blue-black meadows  
like the veil of oblivion.  
A thousand year-old veil covers the valley.

Evening, so red and warm,  
erupts with the sound of people,  
brilliant horn music,  
flowers, exotic glances.

With colors and sounds, thoughts  
persistently strive to reconcile life.

It grows quiet, the blue darkens,  
the sky watches and waits for the past  
that sleeps and the future to come,  
the uncertain flame in the brooding grey.

### **Fra Monte Pincio/From Monte Pincio (cont'd.)**

But everything will unite for Rome  
to emerge one night ablaze in Italy's glory,  
bells ringing, cannons crashing  
memories flaring in the blue distant future.

To the sound of zither and flute  
a minstrel sings joyfully  
of hope and faith  
to the newly-wed couple.

Stronger yearnings sleep as children,  
the lesser awaken and smile.